Nayla's Discourse Translated Text

I'm the boy who brushed his Barbies' hair under the bed. I liked to secretly put on my mother's lipstick. Fantasized that the sheets on my bed were a long dress from the runway. Used thongs under my middle school uniform. I was always the most enthusiastic one to jerk off my friends!

I'm the travesti that scraped her heels slutting it up in the hills of Chimalhuacan; a place where they chased us wild after we experienced a succulent orgiastic party with the workers and the son of the shop owner who sold construction materials.

I'm the grinder addict, robbed by the app of not only my time, but the possibility of being more than a fetish fantasy on someone's cell phone screen.

I'm the faggot that awakens looks of morbid curiosity and lust in the streets.

I had to reincarnate into myself to discover that I am a body that must exercise her right to exist.

I'm the witch that reads you your tarot and discovers that you feel as empty and alone as I do.

Long live the whores!
Long live the trans girls!
Long live the witches!

Original Text: Nayla Urrutia
Translated by: Red Samaniego

Nayla's Discourse Original Text

Yo soy el niño que cepillaba sus barbis bajo la cama. Me gustaba ponerme el labial de mi madre a escondidas. Fantaseaba que las sábanas de mi cama eran un largo vestido de pasarela. Usaba tangas bajo el uniforme de la secu. ¡Siempre fui la más entusiasta para jalársela a mis amigos!
Soy la misma travesti que se le rasparon los tacones por estar puteando en el cerro de Chimalhuacán; lugar en el cual nos dieron tremenda corretiza después de experimentar un suculento festín orgiástico con los trabajadores y el hijo del dueño de una tienda de materiales de construcción.
Soy la adicta al grinder que me roba no sólo el tiempo, sino la posibilidad de ser más allá de una fantasía fetiche en la pantalla del celular.
Soy el joto que despierta las miradas de morbo y lujuria por las calles.
Tuve que reencarnar en mí misma para descubrir que yo soy un cuerpo que ejerce su deseo de existir.
Soy la bruja que te lee las cartas del tarot y descubre que te sientes tan vacía y sola como yo.
¡Qué vivan las putas!
¡Qué vivan las trans!
¡Qué vivan las brujas!

Nayla Urrutia

<u>Manifiesto Transchanga Translated Text</u>

Translator's note: Just as the Transchangas themselves stand—or slink, or bang their exquisite breasts—in defiance of the global colonial power grabs that attempt to deny Transchanga magnificence, the term Transchanga exceeds the space and dimensionality any English translation of the term might offer. An English-thinking mind will benefit from the knowledge that a changa, among many other things, is a female monkey.

Because here in Latin America, in the third world, the human doesn't exist. We exist as beasts, humanoids, primates, small creatures that play at civilization, and above all in this asphalt jungle, what we have are MONKEYS.

Today I decide not to become a woman. I prefer not to construct myself as human, whose categories correspond to the Integrated Heterosexual Global Captalist Regime. In a banana republic, unstable, conquered and bled dry, one doesn't live: one survives. In order to survive we must become monsters; it's not hands we need but claws, not teeth but fangs, not skin but hides, we don't walk, we move on four paws and in some moments, two. Today for my survival, I become Transchanga.

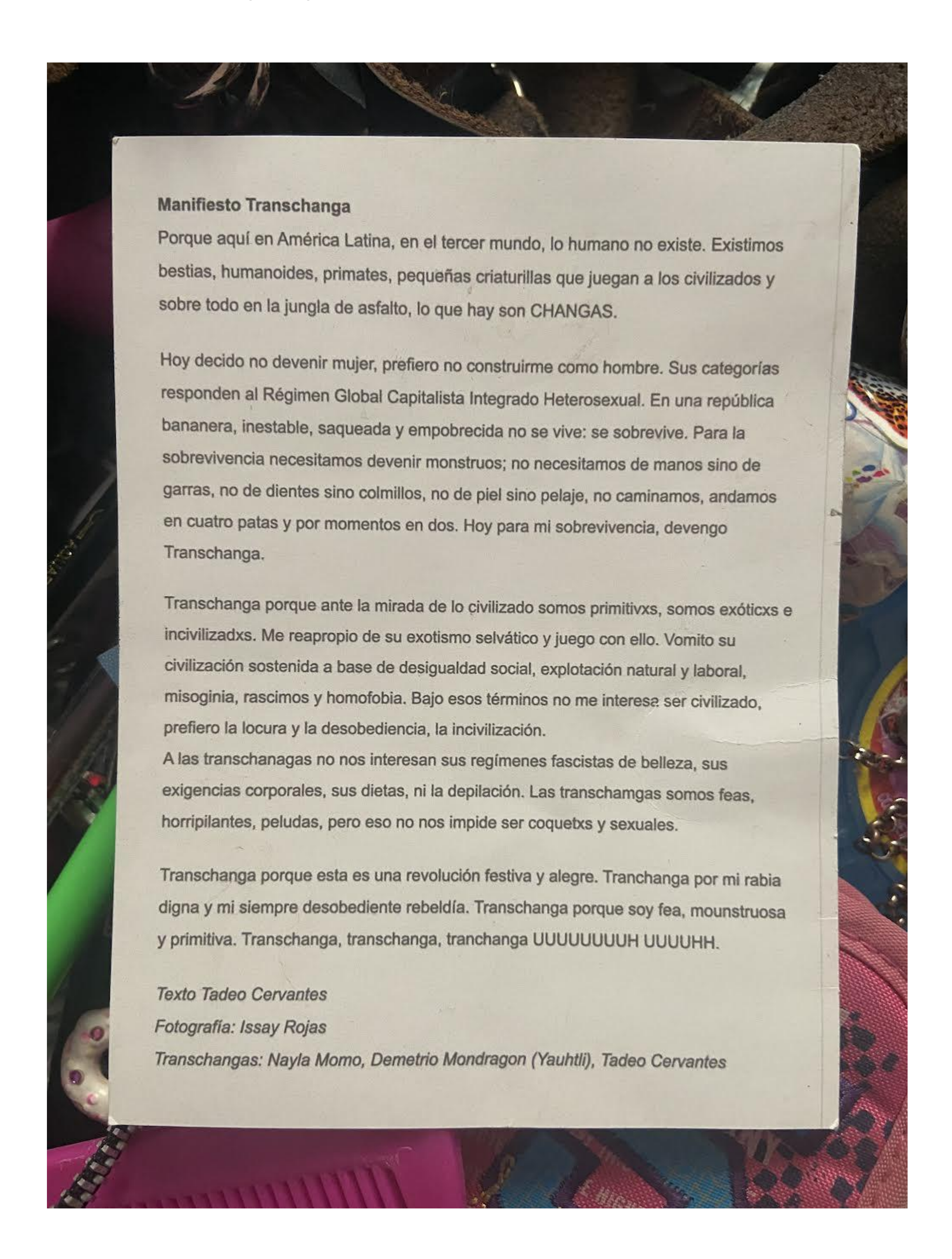
Transchanga because in the eyes of the civilized we're primitive, exotic, and uncivilized. I reappropriate your junglified exoticism and play with it. I puke on your civilization sustained at its base by social inequality, exploitation of nature and labor, misogyny, racisms and homophobia. Under those terms it doesn't interest me to be civilized, I prefer madness and disobedience, the uncivilized.

We Transchangas are not interested in your fascist beauty regimes, your demands of our corporality, your diets, or your hair removal. We Transchangas are ugly, hairy, hair-raising--but this doesn't stop us from being coquettish and sexual.

Transchanga because this is a festive, joyful revolution. Transchanga for my dignified rage and my always rebellious disobedience. Transchanga because I'm heinous, monstrous, and primitive. Transchanga,Transchanga, Transchanga UUUUUUUUH UUUUHH.

Original text: Tadeo Cervantes
Collectivo Transchanga: Nayla Momo (Nayla Urrutia), Demetrio Mondrago (Yauhtli), Tadeo Cervantes

Manifiesto Transchanga Original Text on Postcard



Manifiesto Transchanga

Porque aquí en América Latina, en el tercer mundo, lo humano no existe. Existimos bestias, humanoides, primates, pequeñas criaturillas que juegan a los civilizados y sobre todo en la jungla de asfalto, lo que hay son CHANGAS.

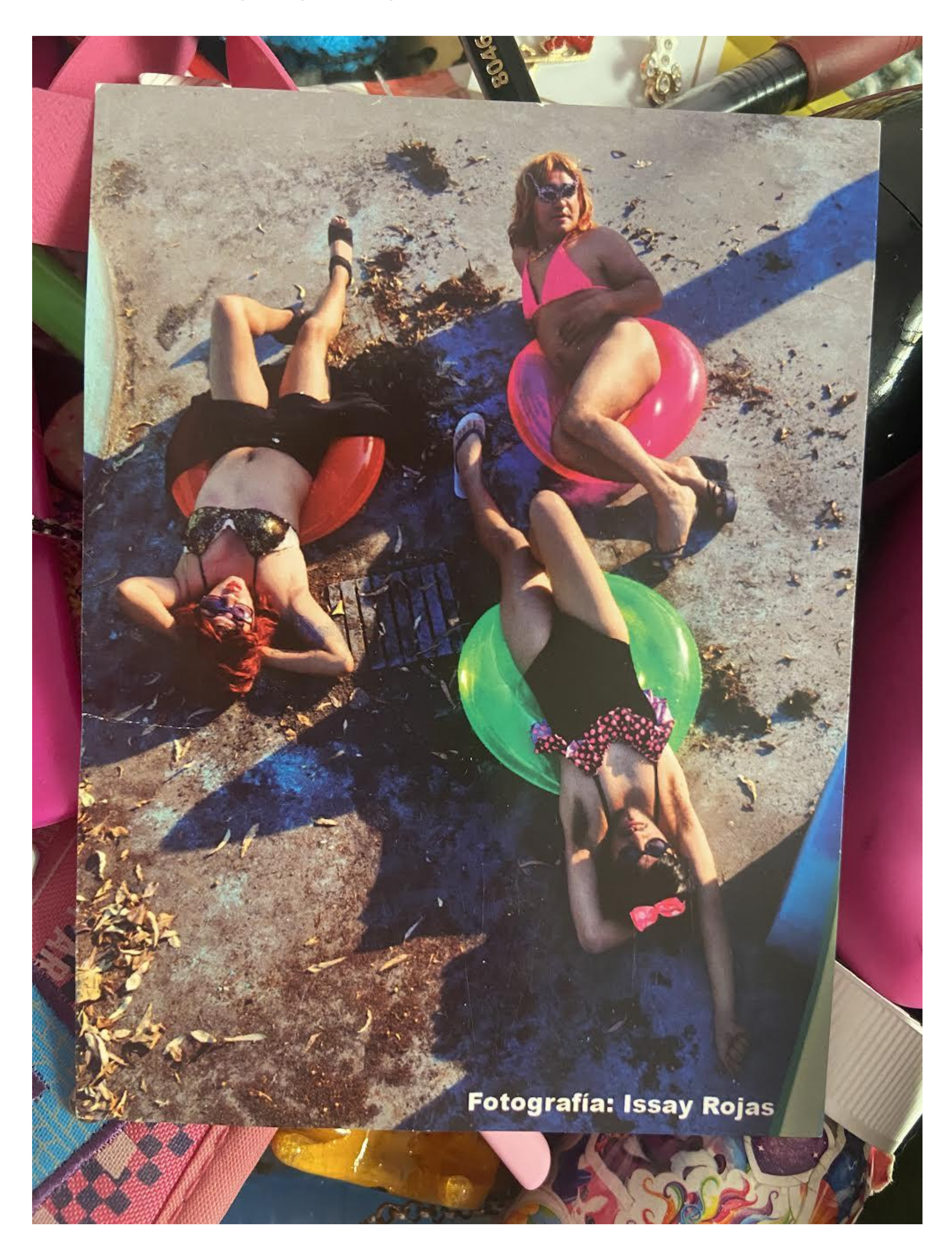
Hoy decido no devenir mujer, prefiero no construirme como hombre. Sus categorías responden al Régimen Global Capitalista Integrado Heterosexual. En una república bananera, inestable, saqueada y empobrecida no se vive: se sobrevive. Para la sobrevivencia necesitamos devenir monstruos; no necesitamos de manos sino de garras, no de dientes sino colmillos, no de piel sino pelaje, no caminamos, andamos en cuatro patas y por momentos en dos. Hoy para mi sobrevivencia, devengo Transchanga.

Transchanga porque ante la mirada de lo civilizado somos primitivxs, somos exóticxs e incivilizadxs. Me reapropio de su exotismo selvático y juego con ello. Vomito su civilización sostenida a base de desigualdad social, explotación natural y laboral, misoginia, rascimos y homofobia. Bajo esos términos no me interesa ser civilizado, prefiero la locura y la desobediencia, la incivilización.
A las transchanagas no nos interesan sus regímenes fascistas de belleza, sus exigencias corporales, sus dietas, ni la depilación. Las transchamgas somos feas, horripilantes, peludas, pero eso no nos impide ser coquetxs y sexuales.

Transchanga porque esta es una revolución festiva y alegre. Tranchanga por mi rabia digna y mi siempre desobediente rebeldía. Transchanga porque soy fea, mounstruosa y primitiva. Transchanga, transchanga, tranchanga UUUUUUUUH UUUUHH.

Texto Tadeo Cervantes
Fotografía: Issay Rojas
Transchangas: Nayla Momo, Demetrio Mondragon (Yauhtli), Tadeo Cervantes

Manifiesto Transchanga Original Image on Postcard



Bios:

Nayla Urrutia is a transfeminist visual and tattoo artist, performer and psychologist born in Mexico City. Her work is based in themes of queerness and gender disidence. On instagram: @momotranschanga2. Further writing by Nayla can be found here: https://hysteria.mx/no-tengo-pechos-pero-tengo-corazon/

Red Samaniego writes fiction about freak love, border worlds, and being a better communist. They were the 2018 Sandra Cisneros fellow at Under the Volcano and founded and ran MFA App Review, a service which provided free support to Trans and POC writers with their MFA applications from 2017-2021. On instagram: @curveofjoy. www.redsamaniego.com

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